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MOUSQUETAIRES -
THE MUSKETEERS

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Musketiers
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July 4
LES
MOUSQUETAIRES.

(THE MUSKETEERS.)

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS,

BY

LOUIS VARNEY.

Adaptation of Words to Music by

H. B. FARNIE.

ACTING VERSION BY DEXTER SMITH.

BOSTON:

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CHICAGO.

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OK

THE MUSKETEERS.

CHARACTERS.

- NARCISSE de BRISSAC*, CAPTAIN IN THE RED MUSKETEERS
GONTRAN de SOLANGES.....HIS COMRADE.
ABBE BRIDAINÉ, *ex-TUTOR* OF GONTRAN, VISITOR TO CONVENT.
GOVERNOR OF TOURAINE.....COUNT DE PONTCOURLAY.
RIGOBERT.....SERGEANT IN THE RED MUSKETEERS.
PICHARD, LANDLORD OF THE INN, "THE GREY MUSKETEER."
FRACASSE, } CONSPIRATORS AGAINST THE CARDINAL, DIS-
PATATRAS, } GUISED AS MONKS.
LANGLOIS, }
FARIN, }CITIZENS.
SIMONE.....WAITRESS AT PICHARD'S INN.
MARIE de PONTCOURLAY.....NIECE OF THE GOVERNOR.
LOUISE.....HER SISTER.
SUPERIOR OF THE URSULINE CONVENT.
SISTER OPPORTUNE.
ISABELLE, }
AGATHA, }
CLARISSA, }
BERTHE, }
YVONNE, }
DIANE, }PUPILS AT CONVENT SCHOOL
JULIE, }
CLORINDA, }
CYDALISE, }
BLANCHE, }
FANINE. }
TROGNON, }
FLORA, }FLOWER GIRLS.
NOUGAT, }
ELISE, }CANDY-GIRLS.
CLAUDINE, }
JACQUELINE, }PEASANT GIRLS.
MARGOT, }
JEANETTE, }
HENRI, }
PIERRE, }PICHARD'S SERVANTS
FRONTIN, }
BEAUJOLAIS, }PAGES TO THE GOVERNOR.
LA TULIP, }
BLAVET, } PETITES TROMPETTES IN THE RED MUSKETEERS.

ARGUMENT.

ACT I.

AT a hamlet near La Rochelle, France, is stationed a corps of Red Mucketeers, commanded by **BRISSAC** and his friend **GONTRAN**. At the beginning of the action of the opera, a village fête is being held. The **ABBE BRIDAINE**, visitor to a neighboring Ursuline Convent, has been sent for by **BRISSAC**, who wishes to consult with him regarding the cause of the despondency of his friend, **GONTRAN**, the latter having been a pupil of the **ABBE**. The **ABBE** suspects that there is a lady in the case. His surmises are correct. **GONTRAN** confesses to have met **MARIE**, niece of the **GOVERNOR**, and to have fallen violently in love with her. The **ABBE** agrees to plead **GONTRAN**'s cause with the **GOVERNOR**, who arrives most opportunely in the village, accompanied by **MARIE**, whom he is to conduct to the convent. The **GOVERNOR** informs the **ABBE** that the Cardinal, as a political measure, has resolved to compel **MARIE** to take the veil. **GONTRAN**, driven to desperation by these tidings, resolves to enter the convent and carry **MARIE** away, and induces his friend, **BRISSAC**, to accompany him. Two mendicant friars arriving at the inn at this time, **BRISSAC** and **GONTRAN** rob them of their gowns while they are asleep. The **GOVERNOR**, thinking they are the real monks, orders **BRISSAC** and **GONTRAN** to go to the Convent. **BRISSAC** privately orders a guard to be set over the friars. The Governor and **MARIE** start for the convent, little dreaming who the "monks" really are.

ACT II.

The young ladies being educated at the convent are assembled to listen to an address from the Abbe. The latter, wishing to avoid **MARIE** in the school-room, details his duties to the "friars"—**BRISSAC** and **GONTRAN**—without mistrusting who they are. The latter are very cordially received at the convent. **MARIE** meets her lover, and **BRISSAC** falls in love with her sister, **LOUISE**. The Abbe resolves, in view of the great danger threatening, to break off the attachment between **MARIE** and **GONTRAN**. He extorts a letter from **MARIE** giving him up. Finding **GONTRAN** in the convent, disguised as a friar, the Abbe commands him to leave. He refuses to go. **BRISSAC** makes free with the wines of the convent cellars, and delivers a lecture on Temperance. Finally, the **GOVERNOR** returns, and denounces the two monks as the intended assassins of the Cardinal. It is then discovered that the escapade of the two soldiers has probably been the means of saving the Cardinal's life, as **BRISSAC**'s guards have detained the real conspirators at the inn. The **GOVERNOR** therefore pardons **BRISSAC** and **GONTRAN** and consents to their marriage with **MARIE** and **LOUISE**.

"THE MUSKETEERS."

("LES MOUSQUETAIRES.")

ACT I

SCENE.—*Courtyard of PICHARD'S Hotel, "The Grey Musketeers." Hotel, R., with three doors opening on balcony, which is approached by a flight of steps; kitchens, L. At the back, a low wall, with large opening, climbing vines, flowers, etc., on wall and trellises. Beyond, the country, with cottages, trees, hills, etc. At the rise of the curtain, RIGOBERT and a number of Musketeers are discovered seated at tables, L. FARIN, LANGLOIS, and other citizens, seated at tables, R. PICHARD and servants go and come, serving food and wine. JACQUELINE, CLAUDINE, musketeers and citizens, male and female, walking about. A lively and picturesque scene.*

No. 1.—"WE'RE MEN OF WAR."

RIGOBERT AND CHORUS.

We're men of war and tillage,
Met this gay summer morn
From bivouac and village—
Let's be quaffing a horn!
We're men of war and tillage, etc., etc.
So let us quaff horn upon horn!
Quaff we a horn! Quaff we a horn!

(*Enter FLOWER-GIRLS AND SWEETSTUFF-GIRLS singing.*)

Come and buy! Come and buy!
We've flowers rare and every kind of tarts;
The pastry is for you,
The flowers for your sweethearts.
Bouquets and also pie, come and buy! etc.

No. 2.—COUPLETS.—“OF NEW PLUCKT ROSES.”

FLOWER-GIRLS & SWEETSTUFF-GIRLS.

FLOWER } Come, gentlemen, and buy our posies,
 GIRLS. } Of new pluckt roses,
 That slept this morning in the dew,
 Or, if you'd rather, take this lily,
 For, willy-nilly, we'll sell to you!
 One little bud in button-hole,
 Giveth the wearer fascination—
 Something of wit, something of soul;
 So that when he pleadeth his suit,
 The lady yields with slight negation.
 Buy, whilst the flowers blow!
 On best wire stems they grow!
 Now, my lads, come hither;
 Buy them, ere they wither, wither or no!

ALL. Buy, whilst the flowers blow, etc.

SWEETSTUFF } Come, epicures, we've pastry clammy,
 GIRLS. } And tarts so jammy,
 A little goeth quite a length:
 Our mutton pies are just like vellum,
 And oh! you smell 'em—
 They've such a strength!
 Sweetstuff we have, suited for all,
 Drops made of chocolate and coffee;
 Grave peppermint, gay brandy ball.
 And for her your heart loveth well,
 A genuine affair in toffy!
 Buy, and so be rejoiced,
 Whilst yet our sugar's moist;
 For our tarts, come hither,
 Buy them ere they wither, wither or no.

ALL. Buy, and so be rejoiced, etc.

RECIT.—RIGOBERT to FLOWER-GIRL.

A pretty girl! I'll reward her
 With quite a wholesale order.
 I'll take this pansy, Miss;

And from you (*to SWEETSTUFF-GIRL*), a tart,
And, sweeter yet—a kiss!

SWEETSTUFF-GIRL. Take your tart, sir!

FLOWER-GIRL. Take your pansies;

BOTH. But as for a kiss,
We (you should know full well)
Don't sell the article!
Kissing goes by favor,
Though you may be braver
Than some we know! *etc.*

CHO. Ah! kissing goes by favor,
Though we are braver
Than some that they know!

RIGO. When soldiers find their mistress coy,
Pardi! in drink they seek for joy.

CHO. When we find our mistress is coy,
Drink becomes our joy!

RIGO. & CHO. We're men of war and tillage,
Met this gay summer morn, *etc.*

LANGLOIS. That's always the way! The girls say all their pretty
things to the soldiers.

FARIN. Yes. It's the uniform that pleases them.

JACQUELINE. Soldiers are more gallant than you!

CLAUDINE. Well said, Jacqueline!

LANGLOIS. You mean that they are more bold!

FARIN. They are used to conquering!

JACQ. Turn soldiers yourselves a while and see. [*The girls laugh.*]

LANG. Thank you, and get the bumps of war!

JACQ. What of it, if you get kisses in time of peace?

LANG. You hold your kisses too cheaply!

CLAUD. This talk all comes of one's being a little pretty!

JACQ. You ought to be ashamed to gossip about us!

LANG. Gossip, indeed! I could tell a story —

JACQ. Which would not be true! (*Girls laugh.*)

LANG. There! She has betrayed herself!

ALL. (*Except JACQ.*) Tell us all about it, Monsieur Langlois!

JACQ. (*To LANG.*) Do not tell them!

ALL. Yes!

JACQ. No!

RIGO. Drums and trumpets! Stop this clatter!

LANG. Why do you interfere?

RIGO. I forbid you to tell that story! A musketeer of the king will not suffer a dog of a citizen to make a young girl cry!

LANG. Ah, indeed! Is it any of your business?

CITIZENS. No! Let him mind his own affairs!

MUSKETEERS. He is right!

CIT. This is tyrannical!

MUS. Respect the ladies!

CIT. He shall tell it!

MUS. He shall not!

RIGO. Bayonets and blood! (*General quarrel, noisy dispute.* RIGO BERT brandishing his arms about.

No. 3.—CHORUS & SCENE.—“HOW THEY TREAT US!”

How they treat us lightly, these wild musketeers,
Cuddling all the lasses, as by right divine;
Filling up their glasses with our best old wine!
How they treat us lightly, these wild musketeers!

SIMONE. (*Entering.*)

To think you drunk, I do incline,

(*Aside.*) And yet I watered well the wine!

To bicker thus, you're very wrong,

And, for harmony's sake, what d'ye say to a song?

ALL. Brava! Brava!

SIMONE. Give me, then, your voices and your ears—
Voices and ears.

CHO. Voices and ears

SIMONE. The drum song of the musketeers!

No. 4.—SONG.—“THE GREY MUSKETEERS.”

SIMONE & CHORUS.

The Musketeer corps, red and grey,
Are the two crack regiments of the day!
Happy the village where they come,
With trumpet blaring and with roll of drum!
“Which is the best?” the lassies will say;
“Is it the red, or is it the grey?”

To answer that I now propose,
 So hearken, please, to one who knows !
 Upon the lads in red you'd better far
 Rely, in thick of battle fray,
 But for a meeting 'neath the evening star,
 It's ten to one upon the grey ! Rataplan !

CHORUS. Rataplan, plan, plan, plan ! Rataplan, plan, plan, plan !
 On red rely in thickest of the fray ;
 Rataplan, plan, plan, plan ! etc.
 But for a meeting 'neath the evening star,
 R-r-r-r ! Give a girl the grey !

II.—SIMONE.

You'll judge from what I have just said,
 Little chance in love there's for the red !
 That little courting 'neath the stars
 Is likely for the crimson sons of Mars !
 Yet, strangest thing, all else above,
 (Night being sure the hour of love,)
 Maids in the dark mistake, they say,
 And every musketeer is grey !
 Upon the lads in red you'd better far, etc.

CHORUS. Rataplan, plan, plan, plan ! Rataplan, etc.

LANG. More flattery for the soldiers !

FARIN. And bearishness to all others.

SIMONE. Well, Monsieur Farin, if you do not like the military
 Madame Farin is not so unfriendly to them !

LANG. I don't see why they station all these soldiers in this village.

FARIN. It is not by our desire, neighbor.

SIM. No ; but the ladies do not object.

FARIN. It is because there is a rumor of a conspiracy——

LANG. Against our king ?

FARIN. No ; against the Cardinal. New plots are discovered every
 day. The Huguenots are on one side, and the nobility on the
 other. The red man is hated——

PICHARD. (*Approaching quickly.*) What did you say ? The red man ?

SIM. Do you know that the Governor of Touraine comes back to-day
 from La Rochelle, where he went by the Cardinal's orders ?

FARIN. To-day ?

PICHARD. I have received instructions to have in readiness relays to go two leagues from here, to the Ursuline convent. The Governor is to place his niece, Marie, who accompanies him, in the convent School, where his niece, Louise, Marie's sister, has already been for some time.

BRIDAINE. (*Outside.*) Take good care of my mules !

SIMONE. It is Father Bridaine !

ALL. Long live the Abbe Bridaine ! (*Enter BRIDAINE.*)

No. 5.—CHORUS.—“GOOD MORNING.”

Good morning, Mister Abbe, the Abbe Bridaine !

There's none of us beery,

We only feel cheery,

Who sit under Abbe Bridaine !

ALL. Long live the Abbe Bridaine !

BRI. (*To RIGOBERT.*) You are a Musketeer ?

RIG. The king's Musketeer. After his majesty, I would serve you.

BRI. Can you tell me of a captain of your regiment, Narcisse de Brissac ?

SIM. That tormentor !

BRI. Then you know him ?

SIM. I do. Every time he meets me, he kisses me !

BRI. Nonsense, girl ; go and find him.

SIM. I will, Father Bridaine. (*Exit, R.*)

BRI. (*To RIGOBERT.*) I have to speak with Brissac.

RIG. I understand (*To his soldiers.*) Go !

PICH. (*To his servants.*) Go away, all of you ! Come back in two hours for the fête.

RIG. (*To BRIDAINE.*) You will not be disturbed here. *Au revoir !*
(*Exit all except BRIDAINE ; as they go off, all sing.*)—

Good morning, Mister Abbe, etc. [*Enter SIMONE.*

SIM. I have found Captain de Brissac. Here he comes ! (*Enter BRISSAC.*)

BRIS. Thanks, Simone. Here's a kiss for you. (*Kisses her.*)

SIM. (*To BRIDAINE*) There ! What did I tell you ?

BRI. (*Going down the stage.*) Be silent ! Why do you annoy me ?

BRIS. (*Seeing BRIDAINE.*) Ah ! A stranger ! (*Saluting him.*) Sir——

BRI. Captain——

BRIS. I cannot be mistaken. My comrade, Gontran, has described you to me. You are the Abbe Bridaine?

BRI. And you are Captain de Brissac. Simone has described you!

BRIS. (*To SIMONE.*) Chatterbox! Run away now. [*Kisses her.*]

SIM. That makes nine to-day!

BRI. (*Turning away.*) If you must kiss, don't let me see you!

(*Exit SIMONE.*)

BRIS. A true soldier is as loyal to his love as to his country. It is woman who inspires man to draw the sword in defence of his country and—of himself!

No. 6.—SONG,—“A WOMAN AND A SWORD.”

I.—BRISSAC.

My latest love, close to my side,
 By me shall ever be adored,
 And where I march and where I ride,
 She goes with me, my trusty sword!
 Bright, bright and keen, this love of mine!
 Nor ever blanches in the fray;
 Yet for another love I pine,
 Who'll fret and pout and say me “nay!”
 O woman! woman! fickle ever,
 Inconstant as the wind or sea!
 Tho' my good sword be faithless never,
 Heart and soul I'm true to thee! I'm true, etc.

II.

The wine-cup, too, from me has had
 A many kisses in my time;
 I liked my liquor, as a lad,
 And liked it better in my prime!
 A sweetheart brave I call the vine;
 The more I woo her glowing charms.
 The more her tendrils round me twine;
 But softer still are woman's arms!
 O Woman! woman! fickle ever, etc.

BRI. (*Looking to see if any one approaches.*) I received your message this morning

BRIS. And you hurried here !

BRI. I should think that such a mysterious letter as this (*takes out letter.*) would make any one hasten. (*Reads.*)

“ If the happiness of your old pupil, Gontran de Solanges, is dear to you, be at the hotel, ‘ The Grey Musketeer,’ at Vouvray, to-morrow. (*Signed.*)

“ NARCISSE DE BRISSAC.”

BRIS. That is the letter I sent you.

BRI. And you question my devotion to my dear old pupil, Gontran ? I have been his guardian from a child ; his instructor, his friend ! Is he in danger ? He has not fought a duel, or been guilty of any breach of discipline ? And the Cardinal’s orders are so terrible. Tell me !

BRIS. Calm yourself. He has not fought a duel. If he is wounded it is in the heart, with an arrow shot by the little god——

BRI. In love ? I breathe freely !

BRIS. Then his case does not appear serious to you ?

BRI. No ! There are no orders against love !

BRIS. He is in great trouble !

BRI. Speak !

BRIS. He is changed from the jolliest fellow in the world to the saddest man in the regiment.

BRI. Well ?

BRIS. I can do nothing to cheer him. You must do it.

BRI. But where is he ?

BRIS. (*Calls.*) Gontran !

GONTRAN. (*Entering R.*) Did you call me ? (*Sees BRIDAINE.*) Ah, Father Bridaine ! (*Embraces him.*)

BRI. (*Moved.*) My dear pupil ! My poor child !

GON. Why this emotion ? How came you here ?

BRI. You did not expect me ? (*Looks at BRIS.*) And Brissac’s message ?

GON. Brissac sent for you ? This is treason !

BRIS. No ; it is gratitude ! Three months ago, you saved my life at la Rochelle. Now you are in danger, it is my turn to save you !

GON. (*GONTRAN to BRIDAINE*) Don’t listen to him, my friend !

BRIS. (*To BRIDAINE.*) He is ill. I have called you in for consultation. Love—passion ! You know all about that better than I can tell you.

BRI. (*Astonished.*) I? What an idea!

BRIS. I mean as a doctor! A physician of the soul! Now, two can
draw his secret from him better than one.

GON. Do not insist! I shall tell you nothing!

BRIS. You must own up!

No. 7.—TRIO.—“OWN UP!”

GONTRAN, BRISSAC, BRIDAINE.

BRIS. Own up! Be a man!
Come, tell us what ails you;
If your friend then fails you,
Cut him dead you can!

BRIS. Own up! if you can,
Come tell us what ails you?
If the church then fails you,
Turn dissenter, man!

GON. Tell you? No! not I!
What it is that ails me:
If my courage fails me,
Do not ask me why!

BRIS. & BRI. Own up! be a man! etc.

GON. Tell you? Not I?
Rather I'd die! (*Goes up stage and looks off.*)

BRI. (*To BRIS.*) Dear sir, now what do you suppose is
The matter with our suffering friend?

BRIS. Hum! let make a diagnosis,
Then on your verdict, I'll depend.

BRI. Does he gamble? (*Takes BRIS. by the arm.*)

BRIS. Not at all!

BRI. Upon my faith ecclesiastic,
It's some young lady, so I say!

BRIS. Then Cupid is a god fantastic!
In *my* case, woman makes *me* gay!
(*GONTRAN comes down.*)

BRI. (*To GON.*) You are in love! Now don't deny!

GON. Why should I deny? Yes; 'tis a lady!

BRI. Ah! 'tis a lady!

BRIS. (*Spoken.*) What! a lady?

BRI. (*Spoken.*) Yes! Exactly!

- BRIS. & BRI. 'Tis a lady!
- GON. Yes, by my troth! it is a lady.
- BRIS. & BRI. What a blow!
- GON. Is, then, my love so very shady?
- BRIS. & BRI. On the brain!
- GON. Yes; I have got her on the brain!
- BRIS. & BRI. Quite insane!
- GON. If love be madness, I'm insane!
- BRIS. & BRI. Love on the brain—on the brain!
- Who's ta'en thy fancy, and turned thy head
Some village Nancy, all white and red;
Skin rather frowzy, draggled and blowzy!
- BRIS. Big in the paw, speaking patois!
- (GONTRAN *shakes his head.*)
- BRIS. & BRI. Perhaps your bent is for fair modistes—
On some apprentice your fancy feasts?
- (GONTRAN *shakes his head.*)
- BRIS. & BRI. Oh, very well; we'll leave you to tell!
- GON. (*In ecstasy.*) She is a Countess!
- BRIS. She is a Countess!
- GON. She is a Duchess!
- BRIS. She is a Duchess!
- GON. She is a Princess!
- BRIS. She is a Princess!
- GON. She is an angel!
- BRIS. Oh, that of course!
- BRI. I'm glad: for an angel is quite in my line!
- GON. Ah! but she's human, tho' divine!
- BRIS. & BRI. 'Tis a lady! etc., etc.
- GON. } { You }
BRIS. } { we } talk only vainly,
BRI. } For { I love }
 } he loves } insanely! etc., etc.
- BRIS. (*To GONTRAN.*) Who is this lady?
- GON. An angel!
- BRIS. Always an angel when one loves!
- GON. Can you not guess? You were the first to cause this love!
- BRIS. I? You amaze me!
- GON. You praised her goodness, her innocence, her beauty!

BRI. It is not Marie?

BRIS. The Governor's niece?

BRI. The sister of Louise!

BRIS. She has a sister?

BRI. Quite as charming as herself! (*Checking himself.*) No, no!
(*To BRIS.*) You will fall in love with her, and blame me for it,
as Gontran does.

BRIS. Nonsense! I in love! Flirtations for me, but no love!

BRI. (*To GONTRAN.*) And you attribute all your troubles to me?

GON. Your enthusiasm inspired my desire to know her.

BRIS. (*To BRIDAINE.*) Why do they entrust you with the education
of young men?

BRI. (*To GONTRAN.*) But when did you meet Marie?

GON. Once only—last winter. It was love at first sight! You did
not half describe her charms!

BRI. (*Joyously.*) She is an angel!

BRIS. (*To BRI.*) What are you saying?

BRI. I?

BRIS. Do you call this extinguishing the flame?

BRI. I forgot myself.

BRIS. Let us be serious.

GON. Why!

BRI. Because there are numberless obstacles to the marriage.
Marie, Mademoiselle de Pontcourlay, neice of the Governor of
Touraine, related to the Cardinal, will, and should, aspire to a
grand alliance.

BRIS. You are right.

BRI. (*To GONTRAN,*) Although born a gentleman, you are only a
soldier!

BRIS. Very true!

GON. Suppose she loves me?

BRIS. Two misfortunes instead of one! The Governor is severe!

BRI. He is not tender!

GON. We can do without his consent.

BRI. He will never permit the marriage.

GON. (*To BRI.*) Will you assist me?

BRI. How can I serve you?

GON. Ask Marie to let me carry her away from the school.

BRI. A pupil of the Ursulines!

BRI. Carry off a pupil of the Ursulines. The guards are too watchful.

GON. That's why I count upon you.

BRI. Bless me!

GON. Your profession will open the doors of the convent. You could——

BRI. Carry off Marie? You are mad!

BRIS. (*Aside.*) Not so very mad!

GON. (*To BRIDAINE*) Well, since you abandon me ——

BRI. What will you do?

GON. Ask the Governor for his niece's hand!

BRIS. If he refuses?

GON. I cannot answer. In my utter despair——

BRI. "Despair"! I will speak to the Governor.

GON. Will you tell him how much I love——

BRIS. The Governor?

BRI. (*To BRISSAC*) Be quiet! (*To GON.*) Count upon me!

BRIS. Speak as if for yourself!

BRI. Don't be ridiculous!

SIMONE (*Entering.*) Still here? The dancers are coming!

BRIS. (*Kisses her.*) You keep the account! How many? [*Laughs.*]

(*Exit BRISSAC and GONTRAN. Enter Musketeers, Citizens, Flower girls, Candy-girls, Servants, Peasants, PICH., La Tulip, Blavet.*)

SIMONE. Let us celebrate Fête-day!

"No. 8.—CHORUS.—"SQUEAK GOES THE FIDDLE."

Squeak goes the fiddle, the bag-pipes skirl,

Let every lad now lead out his girl!

Surely, the saddest of all sad dogs,

To such soft music would lift his clogs!

Run about, trip in and out!

Then ladies' chain, and over again!

Hark! squeak goes the fiddle, etc.

Let every lad now lead out his girl,

While squeaketh the fiddle and bagpipes skirl!

BRI. Simone, my good girl, you're in good spirits!

SIMONE. And why not, Father Bridaine?

BRI. I am glad to see you so happy.

No. 9.—VILLANELLE.—“WHEN THE SIMPLE PEASANT!”

I.—SIMONE.

When the simple peasant's daughter,
 Has her kine milked in the vale,
 And the customary water
 Has, with care, put in the pail,
 Then, with heart elate she carols her artless song;
 For she has no thought of wrong!

CHO. She has no thought of wrong!
 Yes, she trills this artless song;
 For she has no thought of wrong:
 'Neath the greenwood, oh, come love with me!
 And together we'll study chemistry!
 For the use of all people that are green,
 Tells a tale of watered milk and fatted 'margarine.

CHO. For the use of all people that are green, etc.

II.

When the miller stops his wheel,
 Because it is the evening hour,
 Putting sawdust in his meal.
 And plaster in his bags of flour!
 Then, with heart elate, he carols his artless song;
 For he has no thought of wroug!

CHO. He has no thought of wrong!
 Yes, he trills this artless song, etc.

(Enter PICHARD.)

PICHARD. Be quiet! The Governor approaches!

SIMONE. A plague upon him! He interrupts our festival.

No. 10.—SCENE & CHORUS.—“YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP
 THAT ROW!”

PICH. You'll have to stop your row!
 The governor is coming now—
 Stop your row! Hats off, and stop your row!

SIMONE. Pretty prospect! Well-a-day!
 What ill luck brings those nobs our way!

No. 11.—“CHORUS OF WELCOME.”

SIMONE & CHORUS.

Oh, bother! Oh, bother! We hope we're subjects loyal;
 But bother! oh, bother all visits of folk high or royal!
 Our lark'ng is ended, but yet let us grin our best;
 A welcome pretended, let's us give our unwelcome guest!

(Enter GOVERNOR) and MARIE.)

Hip, hip, hurrah! Long live your grace!

Hip, hip, hurrah! Welcome your face!

GOVERNOR. Heartfelt joy is o'er me stealing
 At this spontaneous outburst of feeling!

CHO. Long live your grace! trust you are well;
 Also the same to Mad'moiselle!

GOV. Tho' I know you'd like to stay,
 Still, on the whole, you'd best go away!

CHO. Oh, bother! Oh, bother! We hope, etc.

(Exit all except the GOVERNOR & BRIDAINE.)

GOV. Our meeting is fortunate! I have a service to ask you

BRI. With pleasure! I also have a petition to bring you.

GOV. I will listen.

BRI. No, my lord. If you speak first, it will embolden me.

GOV. You will go to the convent of the Ursulines, to-morrow. I
 shall arrive there to-day, and will announce your coming.

BRI. And then?

GOV. Ask for my nieces, Marie and Louise—advise with them as a
 friend, as a father: make them decide to take the veil in two days.

BRI. (*Astonished.*) The veil?

GOV. Within two days! Now, what can I do for you?

BRI. For me? Well (*aside*)—The veil in two days! Oh, my poor
 Gontran!

GOV. Speak!

BRI. Ah! (*Aside.*) What shall I say? (*Aloud.*) You are in such
 haste!

GOV. I have said it. It is your turn to ask.

BRI. It is about the young ladies.

GOV. Proceed.

BRI. Suppose an eligible young man, worthy of your choice—a man
 noble and brave—should be found desirous of wedding them—
 or, at least, one of them—

Gov. Do not look for him—I have resolved——

BRI. But——

Gov. I have only to say, that the Cardinal commands it. Policy, indeed!

BRI. (*Aside*.) Hang the Cardinal, say I!

(*Enter PICHARD at back, followed by FRACASSE and PATATRAS*.)

PICH. (*To monks*.) Go your ways! I haven't a room in my inn!

Gov. What is the matter, Pichard?

PICH. Beggar monks, my lord.

BRI. And you would turn those holy men from your door?

PICH. Mendicants, I said. They say they are from Palestine.

Gov. It is well. Made the poor pilgrims welcome.

PICH. But they have no money!

BRI. All the more reason for being hospitable.

PICH. (*To Gov.*) If you wish it my lord. (*To monks*.) I have found a room for you.

FRACASSE. (*Aside to PATATRAS*.) Have care! Don't betray yourself! (*Aloud*.) Pax Domine sit vobiscum!

PATA. Amen!

PICH. (*Aside*.) That is all the money they have!

Gov. You must be fatigued, your reverences?

FRA. Fatigued!

BRI. And dying of hunger?

PATA. Dying!

Gov. (*To PICHARD*.) Give them your best room and a good supper. I will pay for them.

FRA. Thank you, my lord.

PICH. Follow me, your reverences. (*Points to 3d door, R.*)

Gov. (*To monks*.) Stay! You know the convent at Vouvray?

FRA. Certainly!

PATA. We do!

Gov. If you wish to requite Monsieur Pichard's hospitality, given in my name, you will visit the convent to-morrow.

FRA. & PATA. To-morrow?

Gov. You will there lecture upon the giving up of the vanities of this world! You will assist the Abbe Bridaine here, in inducing my nieces, Mdlles. Marie and Louise, to renounce all follies! I will detain you no longer. (*Exit FRA. and PATA., right*.)

BRI. (*Aside*.) My poor Gontran! (*Exit PICHARD*.)

— (*Enter MARIE, R*)

GOV. (*To MARIE.*) It is nearly time for us to depart. I will go to my room and write some letters. Come, Father Bridaine; I wish to consult with you. Let us go in.

MARIE. I will be ready. (*Exit GOVERNOR and BRIDAINE, R. Enter GONTRAN, L*)

GON. Do we, indeed, meet without the presence of others?

MAR. Yes; but for a short time. My uncle and I must depart to-day for the convent, where I am to remain. I have been absent from there but a few weeks.

GON. And shall we ever meet again?

MAR. We must leave that to fate! Let us trust so!

GON. Can we not fly from here together?

MARIE. It is impossible! We should be pursued and overtaken, and your punishment would be death. Let us be patient and hopeful.

No. 11.—DUET.—“OH, THAT WE MIGHT FLY!”

MARIE & GONTRAN.

Oh, that we might fly to some distant shore!

Where there's naught more changeful than the heav'n above!

Where no mortal eye should see us more,

Nor should mortal power e'er part the hearts that truly love!

GON. Tho' my heart be riven,

Take the gift of my poor love where love is vain,

And for what is given,

Think of me, heart-weary, in my doubt and pain!

MAR. Love may ne'er be spoken;

Yet the troth that timid maiden may not say,

I will keep unbroken

To thee, love, forever and a day!

BOTH. Who can be knowing

Where we are going,

Apart, or hand in hand?

Whitherward tending,

To what fate wending,

To what fore-destined land!

Ours the faith that, come what may,

We'll love forever and for aye!

Oh, that we might fly, etc., etc.

MAR. We must now part.

GON. (*Kisses her hand.*) But not forever! (*Exit GONTRAN, L.*)

MAR. How sad my fate! (*Enter GOVERNOR & BRIDAINE.*)

GOV. Marie, Father Bridaine will visit you at the convent to-morrow.

MAR. (*Bowing.*) He is always welcome. (*Exit MARIE, R. Enter RIGOBERT.*)

RIG. My lord, your carriage awaits you.

GOV. Father Bridaine, I rely upon you. (*He salutes BRIDAINE.*)

(*Exit GOV., R. BRIDAINE accompanies him to door of inn. Enter BRISSAC and GONTRAN, L.*) (*Exit RIGOBERT.*)

BRI. (*Aside.*) Alas! How can I tell him?

GON. (*To BRIDAINE.*) Well, you have spoken to the Governor?

BRI. (*Overcome.*) Yes!

GON. (*Anxiously.*) Well; his reply? (*Silence.*) He refuses?

BRIS. Gontran must wait?

BRI. That is not all!

GON. Speak quickly!

BRI. (*Hesitatingly.*) Marie—Marie is going to take the veil!

GON. The veil? It cannot be!

BRI. By the Cardinal's orders!

GON. I shall set fire to that convent!

BRI. Is that the way to calm yourself? (*Enter SIMONE with bottles and food on a tray.*)

SIM. I hope I have forgotten nothing.

BRIS. (*Kisses her.*) How many does that make? Who is the feast for?

SIM. A lunch for their reverences! (*Goes to door, right, places a tray on table, and stands in the door-way.*)

GON. (*To BRISSAC.*) Will you assist me?

BRIS. With my life!

BRI. (*To GON., alarmed.*) You surely are not in earnest?

GON. Never more so! I shall burn the building, and, in the confusion carry off Marie!

BRIS. The first thing is to get into the convent.

BRI. Ridiculous! Musketeers cannot enter there. Give up your foolish ideas, and listen to reason!

SIM. (*Coming down front, where the others are.*) It's of no use!

BRIS. Why don't you carry them their lunch?

SIM. I shall send Monsieur Pichard to do it!

BRIS. Why so?

SIM. Because their reverences are fast asleep!

BRIS. With their robes on?

SIM. No; their outer garments are upon a chair.

BRIS. I've an idea! Simone, you may go! I will give them their repast.

SIM. Oh, thank you! (*Exit.*)

BRIS. (*Aside to GONTRAN.*) Take the tray, and I will take the bottles. Follow me! (*Exit BRISSAC and GONTRAN to room occupied by FRACASSE and PATATRAS.*)

BRI. (*Placing his head in his hands.*) I know nothing of their plans. (*Looks around.*) Where have the scapegraces gone?

(*Exit BRIDAINE. Enter SIMONE, PICHARD, Servants, RIGOBERT, Musketeers, Flower and candy girls, Citizens.*)

FINALE TO ACT I.

No. 13.—TUTTI & CHORUS.—“LANDLORD, FILL UP!”

Landlord, fill up goblet and can!

The Governor is a proper man!

Where shall we ruler so meet,

So liberal, too, in standing us treat!

Therefore, hang the expense!

When others pay, our thirst's intense!

(*Enter GOV., MARIE and page from inn.*)

Gov. Ah, the fair's not begun?
See how they humbly wait!

MARIE. I fear we damp their fun!

(*To SIMONE.*) Do we interrupt the fête?

SIM. You, Miss? Oh, no! Please, don't say so!

MARIE. Fain would I hear you some villanelle singing.

(*Aside.*) (See him again! To that my heart's clinging!)

SIM. Oh, Mam'selle, a poor girl I,
But, all the same, I'll try!

(*Enter BRIDAINE*)

BRI. (*Aside.*) Where are those scamps? (*Looking around.*)

SIM. Tell us your trouble sir.

BRI. (*Nervously.*) Nothing! Sing us a song, Simone.

No. 14 —SONG.—“SHOULD ROBIN AT MY WINDOW.”

SIMONE.

Should Robin at my window tap,
 When granny seems a-dozin',
 And if she wag her white mob-cap,
 And vow she'll have no beaux in :

“Why, Gran'! Tick, tick, tick, tick, that was ne'er a knock;
 Listen! Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, 'tis the clock!”

CHO. “Why, Gran'! Tick, tick, tick, etc.

SIM. Then I steal out when she's sleeping,
 And we wander 'neath the willows by the stream,
 In amongst the shadows creeping—

Ah, happy are the moments when the old folks dream!

CHO. We know 'twas pleasant—lucky elves!—
 For we have done the same ourselves! etc.

SIM. Oh, how my heart went pit-a-pat,
 When running home from Robin,
 My Granny woke up with “What's that?
 I hear your heart a-throbbin!”

“Why Gran'! tick, tick, tick, tick, sure at me you mock!
 Listen! Tick, tick tick, tick, tick, tick, 'tis the clock!

Ah, Granny dear! you surely mock—
 It was the clock! It was the clock!”

CHO. Oh, how her heart went pit-a-pat, etc.

Gov. The pilgrims! Hats off there!
 And don't you scoff there!

No. 15.—CHORALE.—“NEAR THEM.”

SIMONE & CHO.

Near them, O let us gather!
 From sandal scrip and shell,
 People at once can tell Pilgrim Father!
 Don't chide, O holy men!
 If we sometimes dance,
 It is our blessed ignorance! etc.

(Enter BRISSAC & GONTRAN as monks.)

No. 16.—DUET.—“CHARTREUSE MONKS.”

GONTRAN, BRISSAC & CHORUS.

Chartreuse monks are distillers clever

Of yellow liquor, green also! CHO. Green also!

But never do we saints, oh, never!

Drink our brewing—no! No, no, no! CHO. No, no, no!

We only taste the distillation

To see it's pure, and that is all,

Then, to hinder imitation,

Register our brand at Patent hall! CHO. Patent hall!

Rich meat, and wines, too, we decry them,

And that our words may stronger be—CHO. Stronger be!

'Tis necessary that we try them,

And we do so frequentlie! CHO. Frequentlie!

Such penance—would we might eschew it—

For bread and water's all we need.

But 'tis duty, and we do it,

Yet ah! how we groan when we drink or feed!

BRIS. (*Recit.*) Good folk, your duty done,

Go, in a burster, for fun!

GON. (*Aside to MARIE.*) Tho' walls may frown, love will be there!

MARIE. Oh, heavens! Gontran—thou!

GON. Yes, darling, so don't despair!

CHO. Near them, oh, let us gather, etc.

BRIS. (*Aside.*) Hey, Sergeant, here!RIG. (*Aside.*) 'Tis the Captain!

BRIS. But hush!

Or else my plot's not worth a rush!

Tho real monks are in there still,

Lock them up securely, tho' against their will.

Put a sentry trusty,

O'er these friars dusty;

Keep watch and ward!

When we shall come back, why they,

May then, unscathed, pass on their way.

GON. & BRIS. Vobiscum pax, my friends—vobiscum pax!

No. 17.—STRETTE.—“OH, HOW MY HEART!”

SIMONE & CHO.

Oh, how my heart went pit-a-pat
 When, running home from Robin,
 My granny woke up with “What’s that?
 I hear your heart a-throbbing!” etc.

CHO. Oh, how her heart, etc.

Gov. Now, *en route* to the convent!

All. Long live the Governor!

(Gov., MARIE & PAGES *go up*. GONTRAN & BRISSAC *follow*.
Picture. The Peasants bow. Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Schoolroom at the Convent. Sister OPPORTUNE’S desk and chair, L., desks and stools of the scholars, R. Two doors, R., one door L. At the back, a high wall, L., C., opening upon an outside balcony, and a door at back, R. C. At the rising of the curtain, MARIE, LOUISE, CLARISSE, BERTHE, YVONNE, AGATHA, DIANE, JULIE, CLORINDE, FANNIE, BLANCHE, CYDALISE, ISABELLE, and other Schoolgirls, are discovered at their desks. There are books on each desk. The girls are busily studying. Sister OPPORTUNE is at her desk, intently engaged in her duties.*

No. 18.—CHORUS.—“THE OLOGIES.”

ADDRESS & PUPILS.

The ologies, with due applicance,
 We take in doses, day by day;
 But, somehow, feel that Art and Science
 Are not much in a lady’s way—
 No, no, no, no!
 Are not much in a lady’s way!

CLOR. How nice to be out beneath the trees!

BERTHE. And dance our ringlets in the breeze!

YVONNE. I declare, it is a shame!

YVONNE. It's just the weather for a game!
 (With CHO.) It really is an awful shame—
 Such lovely weather and no game!

ABBESS. (*Spoken.*) Young ladies!

YVO. (*With CHO.*) The ologies, with due appliance, etc.

(LOUISE *Laughs.*)

SISTER O. (*Sharply.*) Who spoke?

ALL. (*Together.*) Not I!

SISTER O. Whoever spoke must tell me! (*Silence. The girls look at each other. I am waiting. Come! Another pause.*) I recognized the voice. It was Miss Agatha!

AGA. (*Very indignantly.*) What an idea!

SISTER O. You will write for me six times the line—"I chatter during the lessons." (*All laugh.*)

LOU. (*Gayly*) First person, I chatter; second person, you chatter—

ALL. (*Pointing to AGATHA.*) She chatters during the lesson!

AGA. (*To SISTER O.*) I can't bear this! (*cries.*) I get all the scoldings.

(ISA., *who has been rubbing her eyes, yawning, and stretching her arms, lays her head upon her desk.*)

SISTER O. Isabel!

ALL. (*Noisily.*) She's asleep!

SISTER O. Agatha, never let me hear you chatter in the class!

(ISA. *knocks several books to the floor as she extends her arms.*)

ALL. She is waking up!

ISA. (*Lifts her head, yawns, looks wildly about, rises.*) I dreamed that the schoolroom was on fire.

ALL. (*Scream and leap in their seats.*) Fire! Where?

SISTER O. Silence, Isabell! Go to your room, Agatha!

AGA. I didn't set the fire! (*All resume seats except ISABEL.*)

SISTER O. Resume your seat, Isabel, and try to keep awake.

(ISA. *sits down.* CLOR. *takes an apple from her desk, holds her book before her face, and begins to eat the apple.*)

SISTER O. Clorinda!

CLOR. (*Munching.*) What, ma'am?

SISTER O. Put down your book! (CLOR. *lays down book.*)

ALL. She's hungry!

SISTER O. (*To CLOR.*) Give me that apple! (*Raps on desk with ruler.*)

CLOR. (*Carries the apple to Sister O.*) You won't like it. It is sour!
(*All laugh.*)

SISTER O. (*Indignantly.*) Is this the way you attend to your lesson?

CLAR. (*Fumping up and down.*) Oh! Oh!

SISTER O. What's the matter now?

CLAR. (*Screams and jumps upon her chair.*) Oh, dear—oh!

ALL. What is it?

CLAR. A mouse!

(*All except ISA. scream and jump upon their chairs.*)

SISTER O. Will you be quiet? (*She stands upon chair.*)

CLAR. (*Softly.*) Ha, ha!

SISTER O. Agatha, why do you laugh?

AGA. (*Cries.*) I didn't do anything. I didn't laugh. I didn't bring in the mouse!

CLAR. (*Sitting down.*) It is not a mouse! (*SISTER O. and all the girls sit down.*)

SISTER O. What is it? (*ISA. goes to sleep with her head on her desk*)

CLAR. Only a piece of brown paper! (*All laugh.*)

SISTER O. Stop your trifling, Miss! Now, take your books and study. (*All study except ISA.*)

(*ISA., in her sleep, pushes several books on the floor, and, finally, falls off her chair. All start at the noise.*)

SISTER O. Isabel! (*ISA. slowly rises from the floor, yawning; sits down and takes book, to study.*)

AGA. (*To SISTER O.*) I suppose I am to blame for that?

SISTER O. No one is to blame. It was an accident.

AGA. Oh! Then I'm safe for once! (*All laugh.*)

SISTER O. Attention! Who invented the guillotine?

ISA. (*Yawning.*) Agatha!

AGA. (*Cries.*) I didn't do it either! I get blamed for everything!

SISTER O. Now, we will resume! Silence! The Lady Superior!

(*All the girls are deeply absorbed in their books. Enter the Superior from 2d door, R.*)

SUPERIOR. Leave your studies, young ladies! (*Girls look up, but remained seated.*)

LOU. (*Joyously.*) We are to have a holiday?

SUPERIOR. No, Miss. I have good news for you all!

LOU. (*Aside.*) I suppose it is a sermon!

ALL. (*Eagerly.*) Do tell us!

ISA. (*Yawning.*) Is—it—a—va—ca—tion?

CLOR. Ice cream for dinner?

SUPERIOR. Abbe Bridaine and two monks——

LOU. (*Aside*) What did I say?

SUPERIOR. These men have already arrived. The Governor has prepared me. He asked me to give them a suitable welcome.

LOU. Extra lessons, no doubt!

SUPERIOR. I have thought it would be a fine idea if our young ladies would ask these good men to aid them in correcting their faults!

LOU. (*Innocently.*) Have we any faults?

SUPERIOR. (*About to depart.*) Follow me, Sister Opportune. Let us leave the young ladies to prepare for good advice.

LOU. Please give us plenty of time!

SISTER O. (*To the Superior*) Will they advise me, too?

LOUISE. It will do you good, sister!

SISTER O. (*Turning back.*) Agatha!

AGA. (*Astonished.*) Me? Why, I did not speak!

SISTER O. You will write twelve times the line—"I am wanting in respect to Sister Opportune."

(*Exit the Superior, 2d door, R., followed by Sister OPPORTUNE.*)

AGA. (*Sobs.*) It is too bad! She always punishes me!

LOU. Our faults! Have we any, girls? (*Girls all leave seats, and gather about LOUISE.*)

AGA. I don't think I have a single one!

ALL. Nor I!

LOU. We are too good!

ALL. Too good altogether!

LOU. The idea of our having faults!

MARIE. Let us try to think of some, and put them down.

(*All take paper and pencil from desks and write.*)

No. 19.—SCENE.—"LET US CONFESS OUR FAULTS."

PUPILS.

BERTHE. Confess my faults? I haven't any!

CHO. And for us, we haven't many.

AGA. Still one must not appear too good!

CLO. No! no! That's understood!

Already Marie has her task begun!

In fact, I think, she's got it done !

MAR. Yes, 'tis I own, for me alone !

DIA. Some peccadilloes let us rake up——

JUL. Not very naughty, nor very wrong ;

CHO. Yes, our confession let us make up,
Then we'll sing it in a song !

MAR. To whom shall be confessed
The love that rules my breast ?

(*Aside—spoken.*) Can it be wrong to love ?

No. 20—ROMANCE.—“BY NIGHT AND DAY.”

MARIE.

By night, by day, a dream of beauty

Comes from above ;

From which to wake it were my duty,

For, ah ! 'tis love !

The soft ray thro' the oriel stealing,

Like his glance falls ;

The deep tone of the organ, pealing,

His voice recalls !

O love, my love !

The world and thee I leave forever !

I only know we had to part,

But one dear memory keep I ever !

Deep in my heart ! Deep in my heart !

BER. Are you done ?

CHO. Every one !

AGA. All right ! I vote each reads it !

CLOR. And if there's aught that's wrong—

JUL. In that unlikely case,

We will correct it where it needs it !

CHO. Oh, capital ! Now let's begin,

And recapitulate each sin !

Now to recapitulate each fav'rite sin,

Let each now begin.

No. 21.—TWO-PART SONG.—“O FATHER, WE REGRET !”

THE PUPILS.

O father, we regret

Our sins are very small,

We should confess, but yet,

No faults we find at all !

We'd deeply sorrow should

This you at all annoy ;

To have been wicked, would

Have given us great joy !

CLOR. A wish for dresses tight-fitting,

Father, I often feel !

BER. Across my soul come flitting

Shoes with tremendous heel !

AGA. My pet sin is a carriage,

Flashing through thick and **thin** !

JUL. I dreamt a lot of marriage,

If, indeed, that is a sin.

ALL. Enough of special thought,

Now let us lump the lot !

We have now to confess,

That nearly all the time,

We think of nought but dress,

But then, is that a crime ?

If in a vortex gay,

Imagination whirls,

You will remember, pray,

That we are only girls !

BEA. But yesterday, at dinner,

I finished too much pie !

CYD. I am a little sinner,

For I eat sweets on the sly.

ISA. Whilst walking in the garden,

I stole a nectarine !

CLAR. And I have to ask pardon

For a theft of apples green !

CHO. But now, girls, we must see,

If something else there be !

Ah ! we break a little out,

When home from school we **go** ;

That doesn't count, no doubt,—

It isn't school, you know.

Of racket, tennis, noise.

And romping with the boys,

You would not care to hear,

It would bore you, that is clear—

Yes, bore you, that is clear !
 Ah, my father ! we regret, etc.

LOU. Be seated. Here they come. (*The pupils return to their desks and pay respectful attention. Enter the SUPERIOR, SISTER OPPORTUNE, BRISSAC and GONTRAN, 2d door, R—the two latter as monks.*)

SUPERIOR. Brothers, this is the flock you are to edify.

BRIS. Nice regiment, if I may judge by the colonel !

GON. (*To BRIS.*) Be careful !

SUPERIOR. The colonel ?

GON. (*To SUPERIOR.*) Don't mind him ! It was a mere figure of speech !

BRIS. I like a figured style—also, a stylish figure !

GON. (*To SUPERIOR.*) May we approach these divinities ?

BRIS. Let us see a little manœuvre—by the right flank—left ! Give the order !

SUPERIOR. By the flank ?

GON. (*Explaining to the SUPERIOR.*) Another figure, simply. Manœuvre means exercise. (*To BRIS.*) You will spoil everything !

SUPERIOR. I understand ! You would like——

BRIS. To have you pass your troops in review !

GON. (*To BRIS.*) Be careful ! (*To the Superior.*) They are charming !

BRIS. Who will lead off ?

LOU. (*Advancing.*) I will, if Madame desires it !

BRIS. (*To LOU.*) Sweet child ! Advance ! Your name ?

LOU. Louise de Pontcourlay !

BRIS. (*Aside.*) Sister of Marie, whom Gontran loves !

GON. (*To LOU.*) Have you not a sister, my child ?

LOU. Yes, father. Why do you ask ?

SUPERIOR. (*To LOU.*) Repress your curiosity. Only reply to questions.

LOU. My sister is more diffident than I.

SUPERIOR. (*Harshly.*) Louise !

BRIS. Let her go on, sister ; her innocence is charming !

GON. (*To BRIS.*) All will be lost, if you do not beware !

SUPERIOR. Marie, come here !

GON. (*To BRIS. as MAR. advances.*) That is she ! Isn't she beautiful ?

BRIS. (*To GON.*) Lovely ! But the sister——

No. 22.—ENSEMBLE.—“DRAW NÉAR.”

MARIE, LOUISE, THE ABBESS, SISTER OPPORTUNE, GONTRAN

BRISSAC AND THE PUPILS.

GON. Ah, draw near to me, timid maiden!
 Tell me thy hope, and tell me thy fear!
 With holy love my soul is laden,
 And if thy heart ache, lay it here!

MAR. O father holy!
 My yearning soul, full of doubt and fear,
 Thy saintly words will cheer!

SISTER O. Saintly man! We feel he's inspired—
 With what ardent zeal his words are fired! etc.

MAR. LOU. Ah, with what zeal he's inspired!

BRIS. (*Aside.*) I never thought to be a parson was so jolly!
 Advice to bachelors—Take orders, if you'd wed!
 If any think a parson's life is melancholy
 I could put him right on that head.

GON. Ah! draw near to me, timid maiden, etc.

LOU. & CHO. Saintly man, we feel he is inspired, etc

BRIS. I never thought to be a parson was so jolly, etc.

GON. (*To MAR.*) Marie!

LOU. (*Aside.*) What is that?

MAR. (*To GON.*) You here?

GON. (*To MARIE.*) Yes; I was determined to see you again. Do
 not betray us! Come back here soon. I'll wait for you.

LOU. (*Aside.*) What can he have to say to Marie so confidentially?

SUPERIOR. Now, fathers, would it not be well to question the young
 ladies relative to the instruction they receive?

BRIS. We are satisfied that the teaching is excellent!

GON. (*To the Superior.*) May we ask the young ladies some
 questions?

SUPERIOR. (*Bowing*) With pleasure!

BRIS. At what hour do you have breakfast?

LOU. At ten o'clock, usually; but to-day, on account of your
 arrival—

BRIS. It was changed. I don't like that! I like military precision.

GON. (*To BRIS.*) There you are again! (*A bell is heard in another apartment.*)

BRIS. (*Hearing the bell.*) There's a call to the canteen! No, no! Pardon—a figure! (*To LOU.*) Will you take my arm, Miss? (*Offers her his arm.*)

SUPERIOR. (*Interposing.*) Impossible, father! Our discipline forbids! Go, young ladies! (*Girls march about the stage, two by two, singing, followed by SISTER OPPORTUNE and SUPERIOR.*)

No. 23.—TWO-PART SONG.—“TWO AND TWO.”

THE PUPILS.

Two and two—what delight!—
 Let us soberly go pacing;
 Not to left nor right,
 Looking; but to front aye facing.
 We're forbidden to talk,
 Which we do not think amusing,
 But this regulation walk
 Is, of course, not of our choosing.
 So we do as we do,
 Pace along, two and two, two and two!

(*Exit girls, after singing “Two and Two,” also SUPERIOR and SISTER. O., 2d door, R.*)

BRIS. (*Wonderingly.*) Well! They have gone to breakfast without us!

GON. I have seen *her*! I shall soon see her again!

BRIS. Hunger makes me faint!

GON. (*Rapturously*) And if I am not mistaken, she is not indifferent!

BRIS. Well, that is all right for you; but I am starving!

GON. I speak to him of love, he answers me like a prosaic animal!

BRIS. Nonsense! We left Vouvray without breakfast. The door of the breakfast room has been shut in our faces. I am going to forage! (*Looks in desks.*)

GON. What do expect to find in a schoolroom?

BRIS. No corned beef, of course, in doves' nests—candy, perhaps, or cake. (*Takes small pieces of cake from a desk.*) Here is some cake. (*Eats it.*)

GON. And you take it! You rob the young ladies of their cake! What impertinence!

BRIS. No, it is nicer than that. Will you have half?

GON. No, thank you!

BRIS. (*Opening desks.*) Only books and papers! (*Opens MARIE'S desk.*) Ah, here is a letter!

GON. That is Marie's desk.

BRIS. (*Reads aloud from letter.*) "My dear, dear Gontran, how I love you!"

GON. What a fortunate discovery, Brissac!

BRIS. And you blamed me! (*Hands GON. letter.*)

GON. Ah! Marie is an unwilling captive here! A little bird whispers to me!

No. 24.—BALLAD.—"THE CAPTIVE AND THE BIRD."

BRISSAC.

Round the lone keep where the sea-birds are flying,

Hovers no hope for the prisoner there;

Wounded, war-worn, in his dark dungeon dying,

Far from his love, and alone with despair!

In his anguish, he groaned as forsaken,

When something stirred at his prison bars,

And hopes in his bosom awaken,

Thick and fast as the rising stars!

"Who goes there?" rang out on the night,

And the sentinel's arms gleamed in light.

"*Qui vive? Qui vive?*"

Only a swallow, weary winging,

O'er hill and dale, and ocean foam;

Only a swallow to me singing

A strain of love, a song of home!

In silken bower, a pale maiden, heart-weary,

Waited, at sun-down, the tidings of war;

Straining her eyes thro' the darkness all-dreary,

For the staunch messenger, spurring afar!

Not a sound, but the moan of the river,

No hoof stroke clatter of charger fleet!

Till, with rush of wings, and a quiver,

A trembling bird dropped at her feet!

"What may be this ribbon on thy breast?"

Said she, as the poor bird she caressed.

“Ah, pity! I know it!

Heaven sent the swallow, weary, winging

O'er hill and dale, and stormy brine,

Sweet comfort 'neath thy pinion bringing!

I know his love in death was mine!”

GON. We must carry her off!

BRIS. Before breakfast? We have no strength! My discovery was more sentimental than substantial. I would have preferred a slice of ham!

GON. Some one is coming—Marie, perhaps!

BRIS. No; it is the Superior! (*Enter the SUPERIOR, 2d door, R.*)

SUPERIOR. I returned to you as soon as possible, my dear brothers!

BRIS. (*Eagerly.*) You are welcome! And you come to announce—

SUPERIOR. I had made provision for your entertainment. Some rare old wine—

BRIS. Not too much ceremony, please, dear sister!

SUPERIOR. I had arranged for some delicious game—

BRIS. (*Happily.*) Ah! I knew you would—

SUPERIOR. But I happened to remember that to-day is a day of fasting.

BRIS. (*With changed manner.*) Ah! So it is—a fast day!

SUPERIOR. And that you would accept only bread and water—

BRIS. (*Aside.*) Yes. (*Sees GON. slyly laughing.*) Laugh, you idiot! I'll find a way to get some breakfast. (*Aloud.*) Sister?

SUPERIOR. Brother?

BRIS. We are very grateful for your kindness.

SUPERIOR. I will go for your bread and water!

BRIS. (*Slowly.*) Yes; for my comrade! Bread and water will do very well for him; but I—I know you will be surprised—I am going to breakfast as usual, fast or no fast!

SUPERIOR. Ah?

BRIS. I make this exception whenever I am to lecture.

SUPERIOR. To lecture?

BRIS. Precisely. I have to overcome my wishes. I know I ought not to eat. It is really against my will.

SUPERIOR. How you must suffer in your mind!

GON. (*Aside.*) That is where he suffers most!

BRIS. Pray, don't mention it! I must have strength to lecture!

SUPERIOR. And you will do us the honor to lecture to-day?

BRIS. I will do so. I'll lecture by and by, but not before break fast.

SUPERIOR. Follow me.

BRIS. (*Gaily.*) We will keep step. (*GON nudges him.* **LOUISE** appears at 2d door, seen only by **GON**)

GON. (*Seeing LOU.*) But I——

SUPERIOR. (*To GON.*) Come, brother, I have a favor to ask of you.

GON. (*Aside.*) She will make me lose my meeting with Marie.

SUPERIOR. I wish to show you our new chapel.

BRIS. (*Aside.*) I would prefer to see the dining-room just now.
(*Aloud.*) Thank you.

SUPERIOR. And our aviary! We have some beautiful white doves!

BRIS. (*Aside.*) If they are not potted, I do not care to see them.
(*Aloud.*) You are very kind!

(*Exit SUP., BRIS. and GON. 1st door, R.*)

(*Enter LOUISE.*)

LOU. I wonder what is going on here? Not that I am inquisitive. Marie won't tell me what the monk said to her so softly. I shall find it out. (*Noise of some one approaching.*) Ah! Some one comes! I will hide! (*She hides behind SISTER O.'s chair.*)

(*Enter SISTER O. and BRIDAINE. from 2d door, R.*)

SISTER O. This way, father Bridaine! I'll send Marie to you!

(*Exit SISTER O., 2d door, R.*)

BRI. Ah! I breathe! The convent is still safe, and Marie is not carried off yet! (*LOUISE peeps out at BRI. from behind chair.*)

LOU. Good day, Father Bridaine!

BRI. (*Startled.*) Ah! Where did you come from?

LOU. (*Points to chair.*) From behind that chair. Why do you wish to see Marie?

BRI. (*Embarrassed.*) I? Why? You are too inquisitive?

LOU. I inquisitive? Well, I like that!

BRI. Yes, I said you did! But I don't!

LOU. I am not curious at all! (*Some one approaches.*)

BRI. Well, to prove it, leave me alone with Marie!

LOU. Ah! I am caught! (*Enter MARIE from 2d door R.*)

MAR. Father Bridaine!

BRI. (*To LOU.*) Will you please retire?

- LOU. Of course, I will go. (*Aside.*) I'll find it all out yet! (*Exit 2d door, R.*)
- BRI. (*Looking around.*) Let us be sure that no one is listening!
- MAR. (*Laughs.*) What is all this mystery?
- BRI. You would be serious, if you knew what I had suffered!
- MAR. What can it be?
- BRI. My dear friend, Gontran de Solanges——
- MAR. Whom you have so often praised?
- BRI. Yes; and he deserves it all. I always speak well of one to another!
- MAR. Then you spoke well of me to him?
- BRI. Constantly! With enthusiasm! That has made all the mischief!
- MAR. What mischief?
- BRI. Gontran adores you!
- MAR. (*Concealing her joy.*) Do you believe it?
- BRI. I know it! To be near you, he would do anything!
- MAR. (*Aside.*) I doubt it!
- BRI. Happily, however, we can overcome the difficulty.
- MAR. (*Alarmed.*) I do not understand you!
- BRI. You will obey the Governor. Write and tell Gontran you do not love him! That you shall take the veil——
- MAR. (*Excitedly.*) I will not tell him such a lie!
- BRI. (*Astonished.*) You do not really love him?
- MAR. Did you not plead his cause by praising him?
- BRI. (*Very earnestly.*) I will never speak well of any one again! Write this letter and all will be at an end. If you do not, Gontran will commit some folly, and lose his head. He is a crazy fellow when crossed. We must not offend the Cardinal!
- MAR. Gontran must not lose his life for me! I must not make him run into danger!
- BRI. What will you do?
- MAR. (*Going to her desk.*) I will write the letter you ask! [*Writes.*]
- BRI. (*Aside.*) She is writing to tell him she does not love him! Alas, it is not true! What a cruel blow it will be Gontran! She is an angel! She has saved us all!
- MAR. (*Hands him letter.*) Is that all, sir? (*Aside.*) My happiness is over!

No. 25.—VALSE SONG.—“YE SUMMER BIRDS.”

MARIE.

Ye summer birds, airily winging,
 A gilded cage beware ! beware !
 The tender love lay ye are singing,
 To-morrow may be still'd in care !
 I, too, moved lightly,
 I, too, sang brightly,
 'Twas but yesterday, joy was mine owa ;
 But, ah ! the morrow,
 Dark with its sorrow !
 And from my life all its brightness is flown !
 Ah ! but yet to my heart hath been spoken
 The dearest word that maid can know ;
 The rapture, the thrill, and the token,
 Still in my being linger and glow !
 And though the only bright thing for me,
 O'er prison walls, may be the bright sky above
 Within my heart where none may see,
 I'll keep the bright memory of my love !
 Ah, summer birds, etc.

BRI. Well, my child. You may rejoin your companions !

(Enter GON., 1st door, R.)

GON. I have escaped at last !

BRI. *(Aside.)* A friar ! He is just the one to console Marie. [*Aloud.*
 Come, father, and comfort this child !

GON. Console Marie ? What has happened ?

BRI. *(Surprised.)* That voice !

MAR. How imprudent !

BRI. Gontran, did I not forbid you to come here ?

GON. Father, do not be severe ! Speak softly !

BRI. Softly, indeed ! I could cry aloud !

GON. Do you wish me to be lost !

BRI. *(Aside.)* He has me there ! *(To GON.)* You shall suffer for
 this ! *(To MAR.)* Marie, leave us !

GON. But father ?

BRI. You will remain, sir. I have an account to settle with you.

(He makes MAR. go out 2d door, R.)

BRI. Your folly will do you no good!

GON. We shall see!

BRI. We have seen! Read this letter! (*Gives letter to GON.*)

GON. (*After reading letter.*) She does not love me! My dream is over!

No. 26.—ROMANCE.—“MY DREAM OF LOVE.”

GONTRAN.

My dream of love, alas! is over,
 And I awake to find it vain!
 Ne'er shall we meet as maid and lover,
 Nor shall my dream return again!
 And yet, I thought—I know not why—
 Perchance from glance, perchance from sigh,
 That thou didst love me, but 'tis past,
 My first illusion and my last!

But in the years to come,—
 O thou lost love of mine!—
 If friendship's voice be dumb,
 Remember, my heart's thine!
 If thou shalt then recall
 One touch, one vanished tone,
 Know that my love was thine alone! *
 Remember, in that hour,
 My love was thine, ay, thine alone!

BRI. I trust you are convinced!

GON. (*Sadly.*) Ah, yes! (*Suddenly*) But how about that other letter?

BRI. (*Surprised*) What other letter?

GON. (*Taking letter from pocket.*) This from Marie, breathing the most ardent love for me!

BRI. Where did you get it?

GON. In her desk!

BRI. And you have been rummaging in the pupils' desks?

GON. How do you reconcile the two letters?

BRI. Ah, my poor boy! Woman never have the same idea for two days!

GON. Swear that you had nothing to do with all this!

BRI. I cannot swear. It is forbidden. Besides, there has been enough of this folly. "A Musketeer in a convent! I tremble for the consequences of all this. (*Aside.*) I am sorry I ever left home!

(*BRIS heard singing outside.*)

BRIS. (*Singing.*) "To fight, the Red Musketeer!"

BRI. That voice—that song! Is this a nightmare? (*Horried.*)

(*Enter BRIS, 1st door, R.*)

BRI. (*Seeing BRIS.*) Brissac! I am going to die!

(*BRIS. is slightly tipsy; he carries in his hand, under his robe, a little glass of cherry brandy.*)

BRIS. I've been looking for you everywhere! (*Hums.*) "And for loving the Musketeer."

BRI. (*Excitedly.*) Intoxicated! He takes my breath away!

BRIS. (*To BRI.*) Have a little cherry brandy?

BRI. (*Offended.*) Sir!

BRIS. Are you not one of us?

BRI. (*To GON.*) He is getting worse and worse! We shall lose everything!

GON. Brissac!

BRIS. Present!

GON. You are my friend?

BRIS. In life and death! Have a cherry?

BRI. Go to bed!

BRIS. Without my supper?

BRI. And he has just come from the table!

BRIS. Precisely! Have a cherry?

GON. You had better go to bed, as the Abbe says!

BRIS. But I have promised the sisters a lecture. I always keep my word. A debt of honor! I said—"After I have breakfasted, I will lecture," and I have breakfasted.

BRI. Too much! Now, in your condition—

BRIS. My condition? What's the matter with me? Ah, well, perhaps so; but it will give me more energy.

GON. They are coming!

BRIS. (*Softly to BRI.*) Will you have a cherry? (*Holds out glass.*)

BRI. This is too much! (*Snatches glass and puts it aside.*)

(*Enter SUPERIOR from 1st door, R.; SISTER OPPORTUNE, MARIE, LOUISE, ISABELLA, AGATHA, and pupils from 2d door, R.*)

No. 27.—CHORUS & SCENE. "NOW, TO HEAR, ETC."

Now to hear the pilgrims preaching,
 O'er the field of doctrine range,
 After women's humdrum teaching,
 This will be a welcome change!

BRIS. My dear young ladies,
 To speak my trade is!

GON. (You fool, mind what you are at!)

BRI. (He is drunk! *verbum sat!*)

BRIS. Lectures are my delight,
 I *could* go on all night—all night!
 With my firstly, my secondly, my thirdly—
 My fourthly, fifthly, sixthly, seventhly!

CHO. How very odd! did a friar drink,
 (But that, of course, monks never do,)
 We would have been much inclined to think
 This one had had a glass or two.

BRI. Pray do not heed his language wild,
 He had a sun-stroke when a child;
 And he needs a tonic, as 'tis chronic!

BRIS. My dear young friends, that is not it;
 I feel I'm very fit!

BRI. GON. Feels he's very fit!

BRIS. Now then, for my text!

BRI. GON. Now then, for his text!

He preach? Good heav'n what **next!**

BRIS. Against intemperance—

GON. (To talk on that,—it can't be denied—
 He is most fully qualified!)

BRIS. Be prudent chicks, and never mix!

CHO. How, very odd! Did friars drink, etc.

BRI. He's at that stage of drink,
 When people get loquacious;

GON. When off he ought to slink,
 To stay he gets tenacious!

BRIS. One topic I'm strong on, all above—
 Yes, strong upon all else above—
 That, my dear young friends, is love!

GON. & CHO. That we'd have such a theme
In a convent, who could dream

BRI. (*Spoken.*) Pretty text!

No. 28.—COUPLETS.—“LOVE'S NOT A SCIENCE.”

BRIS. Love's not a science nor an art,
But of your studies should form part;
Tho' that is, in most boarding schools,
Not in accordance with the rules!
When flowers shall forget to blow,
And bright stars fade from out our ken,
When waters shall no longer flow,
Then love shall die, but not till then!
Therefore, maidens, listen unto me!
You I'm exhorting
To go courting;
Leave your samplers, books and 'broiderie,
And steal out to the trysting-tree!

SUPERIOR. } What disgrace! and his conduct's shocking!
GON, BRI. } By such talk, at us he is mocking!

BRIS. Yes, dear maidens, listen unto me!
You, I'm exhorting, etc.

SUPERIOR. If this gets out, it will give a handle
For an awful scandal!

CHO. If this gets out, etc.

MARIE & CHO. But, after all, we've heard
Worse lectures in our lives;

GON. & BRI. (*To* BRIS.) You fool, you risk our lives!

MAR & CHO. Our beating hearts approve too
What the father says!

GON & BRI. It seems to be a craze!

MAR. & CHO. We all hope to have sweethearts,
And some may be wives—

GON. & BRI. If any one arrives!

MAR. & CHO. Not in a convent do we wish to end our days!

GON. & BRI. In jail you'll end your days!

BRIS. Love with all your might and main!

BRI. That is the sunstroke on again!

BRIS. Love! ay, love! both old and young!

GON. Sunstroke always affects his tongue.
 BRI. I only wish 'twould stop his tongue !

No. 29.—STRETTE.—“WE MUST ADMIT.”

MAR., LOU., & CHO.

We must admit we've heard worse sermons in our lives ;
 Our beating hearts approve, too, what the father says !
 We all hope to have sweethearts, and some may be wives—
 Not in a convent do we wish to end our days !
 But, well-a-day ! what will folks say ?

SUP., GON. & BRI.

It is sad that, when he was young,
 A sunstroke did so affect his tongue ! etc.

BRIS. Love, aye, love with might and main !
 See that you get it on the brain ! etc.

SUP., } It is sad that, when he was young,
 GON. } A sun-stroke did affect his tongue, etc.
 BRI. } Oh, ladies ! hearken not to his song ;
 You must know it's very wrong !

BRIS. Oh, ladies, listen to my song,
 For love, you know, can ne'er be wrong !

MAR. } We like his creed, we like his song ;
 LOU. } For, surely, love can ne'er be wrong !

SUP. } Therefore, maidens, listen unto me !
 GON. } Ye I'm exhorting,
 BRI. } Don't go courting !

Leaving samplers, books and broiderie,
 Would surely madness only be, etc.
 Don't leave your books and broiderie,
 Nor steal out to the trysting-tree !

BRIS. Therefore, maidens, listen unto me ;
 You I'm exhorting to go courting—
 Leaving your samplers, books, and broiderie,
 And steal out to the trysting-tree ! etc.

MAR. } Sure all maidens must with him agree,
 LOU. } Us he's exhorting to go courting, etc.

(*At the close of the Couplets, BRISSAC is mounted on a chair, or stool, surrounded by the pupils. LOUISE, upon a stool, is throwing books and papers about. CLARETTE is mounted on SISTER OPPORTUNE'S chair. BRIDAINÉ and GONTRAN throw themselves into chairs, in great consternation, while the SUPERIOR faints in the arms of a nun. SISTER OPPORTUNE stands aghast.*)

RIGO. (*Heard outside.*) Father Bridaine !

BRI. (*Runs to door, L.*) What do I hear ?

(*Chorus of Musketeers outside singing "We're men of War," etc. During the singing of the Musketeers, BRISSAC gets down from chair, and gives evidence of overcoming his inebriety, LOUISE CLARETTE, and the other pupils assume dignified positions. GONTRAN, and BRIDAINÉ listen. The SUPERIOR and SISTER OPPORTUNE are amazed.*)

SUPERIOR. Soldiers here ? Young ladies, to your apartments at once !

(*Exit MARIE and LOUISE and all the pupils, 2d door. R, singing "Two and Two," as they go out, followed by the SUPERIOR and SISTER O.*)

BRI. Brissac—Gontran—go to your room at once ! (*Exit BRIS. and GON. hurriedly, 1st door, R.*)

BRI. (*Excitedly.*) What new danger threatens ? (*Opening door, L.*) Who goes there ?

(*RIGO. showing his head within door.*)

BRI. So it is you ! I've had enough of Musketeers ! Go out ! (*Shuts door in RIGO'S face.*)

RIGO. (*Shouts outside.*) Father Bridaine !

MUSKETEERS. (*Outside.*) Father Bridaine !

BRI. (*Excitedly.*) Will you be silent ?

RIGO. (*In a lower tone.*) Dear Father Bridaine !

BRI. (*Opening the door a little.*) Well, what do you want ?

RIGO. (*Showing his head.*) We want our officers—Brissac, and Gontran !

BRI. Well, what's that to me ? Go and find them !

(RIGO. *withdraws and BRI. closes the door. Enter GON. from 1st door, R., as a Musketeer, having thrown off the friar's robe.*)

GON. Ah, Bridaine! Whom were you talking with?

BRI. With a couple of poor old beggars with wooden legs!

RIGO. (*Shouting outside.*) Father Bridaine!

BRI. (*Nervously. aside.*) Will he never stop? I'm sorry I ever left home!

GON. (*Surprised.*) Why, that is Rigobert's voice! (*Opens door, L.*) Rigobert, here!

RIGO. (*Shows head at door.*) I am uneasy about Captain Brissac. We have come for his rescue, if necessary.

GON. Ah, you are kind! But how about your two prisoners?

RIGO. Under strong guard at the inn. I'll answer for that!

BRI. (*Goes toward door.*) What prisoners?

GON. It is not for you to know. (*BRI. comes down stage.*)

BRI. He sends me away! If I could only—but I can't!

GON. (*To RIGO.*) In an hour—in the woods. With our horses. Understand?

RIGO. We will be there. (*GON. closes door.*)

BRI. Some one is coming!

GON. The sisters?

BRI. No; the pupils go to the garden for recreation. Come. (*Tries to lead GON. to door, L.*)

GON. (*Hangs back.*) Ah! If I could only see Marie!

BRI. If I were not an Abbe I would swear! (*Aside.*) I'm sorry I ever left home!

(*Exit BRI. and GON, door, L. Enter from 2d door, R., two by two, LOUISE and all the pupils, except MARIE. They march around the stage to door at back.*) *Exit at door, back. Enter SISTER O. Enter BRI. L., closing door.*)

BRI. (*Softly.*) One word!

SISTER O. The Abbe!

BRI. Where is Marie?

SISTER O. In her room, in tears! (*Exit SISTER O. at door, back. Exit BRI. at door L., after locking door back. Enter BRISSAC, 1st door, R., dressed as a monk, goes to door back—there is a round hole in the door.*)

BRIS. (*Calls through door.*) Louise? (*LOU. comes to door and looks in.*)

LOU. Sir! (*Aside.*) I wonder who he is?

BRIS. Where are the other young ladies?

LOU. They have all gone for a promenade in the garden.

BRIS. Are you afraid of me?

LOU. No. I would like to ask you a question.

BRIS. I would go into the garden, but Bridaine has locked the door.

LOU. We can talk all the same. I wish to consult with you.

BRIS. Let us be brief. The Superior may come!

LOU. Have you been a monk very long?

BRIS. (*Softly.*) Since yesterday! Love caused me to become one!

LOU. What were you before that?

BRIS. A soldier—one of the king's Musketeers!

LOU. Oh! A Musketeer?

BRIS. You know the regiment?

LOU. I have heard of it. You are said to be all hardened wretches.

BRIS. Thank you. I was a perfect saint!

LOU. What was your love affair that made you a monk?

BRIS. I will tell you! (*Aside*) She is charming! (*To LOU.*) You must know, that a beautiful young lady—

(*The SUPERIOR'S voice heard outside.*)

SUPERIOR. (*From 2d door, R.*) Sister Opportune!

LOU. (*Aside*) I must save myself! (*She leaves the door hastily.*)

BRIS. Confound it! I was just going to declare myself!

Exit BRIS. 1st door, R. Enter BRI. L., who unlocks door at back, and exits hastily at door L. Enter SIMONE from door back.

SIM. (*Aside.*) I wonder where Captain de Brissac could have gone?

BRI. (*Enters, L.*) Ah! Simone? Why are you here?

SIM. I came to find Brissac.

BRI. Ah, you want another kiss, do you? You don't expect to find him here?

SIM. Pichard sent me to see Brissac about the friars, under guard at the inn. They are becoming troublesome. I thought you would know where Brissac was.

BRI. (*Aside.*) Does she suspect the truth? (*Aloud.*) I will send Brissac to you if I find him. (*Aside.*) He isn't where I am going!

(*Exit BRI., L. Enter MARIE, 2d door, R.*)

MAR. (*Seeing SIMONE.*) Ah! Are you not the waiting maid at Pichard's inn?

SIM. I am. And you are the Governor's niece?

MAR. Did I not see Captain de Brissac kissing you?

SIM. (*Coquettishly.*) No!—Yes! But I did not give my consent!

MAR. Yes, you did seem to be unwilling!

NOTE.—A Song by SIMONE, or a Duet by SIMONE and MARIE, may be introduced here.

SIM. Indeed, you must not take me for a flirt! I am very happy and contented, and I do not want a lover. But I have business with Captain Brissac. I will say *au revoir*! (*Exit SIMONE at back. Exit MARIE, 2d door, R.*)

Enter LOUISE and SISTER O. from door at back. Enter SUPERIOR from door, R.)

SUP. (*Severely to LOU.*) What are you doing here, Miss?

LOU. I am meditating!

SUP. (*Softening.*) Ah, that's right! The fact is, these friars have very much disturbed me! (*LOU. walks up stage.*)

SISTER O. (*To SUPERIOR.*) Are you not afraid of some new outbreak?

SUP. I must see Father Bridaine at once. Leave me alone.

Exit LOUISE at door back, and SISTER O. at 2d door, R.)

SUP. What a tale for the gossips!

BRI. (*Enters L. Does not see her.*) Poor Marie! (*Sees SUPERIOR.*) Ah!

SUP. (*Turning around.*) Father Bridaine, where are the friars?

BRI. Our patient is resting a little. We hope to be able to leave soon!

SUP. Father, do you attribute all his extravagant actions to some illness?

BRI. (*Aside.*) Does she suspect? (*Aloud.*) To a sunstroke!

SUP. Sister Felicity, who served the breakfast, said that he ate voraciously.

BRI. Poor man!

SUP. And drank copiously.

BRI. Poor fellow!

SUP. And a glass has disappeared from the sideboard!

BRI. Poor glass! I mean, poor man! (*Sighs.*) It was a great sorrow that caused him to become a friar!

SUP. He has a history? Tell me of him. Continue!

BRI. (*Aside.*) It is easy enough to continue. It is the beginning that troubles me!

SUP. Well, I will hear you!

BRI. The loss of a wife, who loved him, was his first sorrow. He

quit army uniform for the gown. He set out on a pilgrimage to Palestine on foot. Crossing the desert in the hot sun, his reason was shattered. You have seen the effect.

SUP. Poor man! And I blamed him! I must tell him how I sympathize with him! Tell him I shall never forget him!

(Exit the 2d door, R.)

BRI. Now, if he will be sensible, all will be well. I'm sorry I ever left home!

(Enter BRISSAC, 1st door, R., standing in doorway as Musketeer.)

BRIS. *(Laughs.)* My congratulations, Father Bridaine!

BRI. Sir!

BRIS. I am glad you are in our little game!

BRI. Sir!

BRIS. Help me now about——

BRI. *(Eagerly.)* Getting away from here?

BRIS. No!

BRI. *(Entreatingly.)* Let us go! I tremble for us all! *(Knock at door back BRI. is frightened.)* There!

BRIS. Who goes there?

BRI. Hide yourself! Your uniform would betray you!

BRIS. Never fear! *(Exit BRIS. 1st door, R. Enter SISTER O. from 2d door. She goes to door back, and looks through the hole.)*

SISTER O. Ah! Is it you, Simone?

BRIS. *(From 1st door, R.—Aside.)* Simone!

BRI. Simone here?

SISTER O. *(Opening door.)* Come in, my child! *(Enter SIMONE from door back.)*

SIMONE. Excuse me, sister, I want to speak with Father Bridaine.

SISTER O. There he is!

BRI. *(Aside.)* What now, I wonder?

SISTER O. I leave you. *(To BRI.)* I shall never forget the poor friar!

BRI. *(To SISTER O.)* The Superior has told you about the sun-stroke?

SISTER O. *(Softly.)* Yes, the poor man! *(Exit SISTER O. 2d door, R.)*

BRI. *(To SIMONE.)* Well, my girl, what do you want?

SIMONE. M. Pichard wanted me to ask you if you had seen Captain de Brissac?

BRI. How should I know where he is? (*Unseen by SIMONE, BRISAC stands in doorway smiling. (Aside.)* I would smile, if I were in your place!

SIMONE. Well, the friars want their clothes.

BRI. I don't understand!

(BRIS. laughs loudly, and goes away from doorway into 1st room, R.)

SIM. Did you laugh, sir?

BRI. It is the echo!

SIM. If I could find Captain de Brissac, we could ask him to take the guard off the poor friars, and let them go!

BRI. But as you cannot find him—[*He goes to door and looks out*
Enter BRIS. from 1st room, R.)

BRIS. (*Kissing SIMONE.*) Be careful!

SIM. (*Cries out*) You here? I've lost count!

BRI. (*Alarmed, to SIM.*) If you make a noise, we shall be lost!

SIM. (*To BRIS.*) What does all this mean?

BRI. Have you not guessed?

SIMONE. Then Gontran is here also?

BRI. Yes. (*To BRIS.*) Go and sign the order to have those poor monks released.

BRIS. While we are here, that would be impossible!

BRI. Ah, true! Well, let us start at once!

BRIS. Can we do so?

BRI. (*Eagerly.*) Certainly! Go and put your robes on again. (*Goes to door L.*) Gontran! (*Enter GONTRAN.*)

GON. I was waiting—(*Sees SIMONE.*) Ah, Simone! (*Kisses her.*)
What are you doing here?

SIM. That is number one from you! I came to serve you!

BRI. (*To GON.*) Are you willing to leave here with Brissac and myself?

GON. Since I cannot see Marie—

BRI. I do forbid that!

GON. I was writing my adieux. (*Shows envelope.*)

BRI. Your adieux? Show me the letter! I will give it to her.

GON. No. I shall ask Simone—(*BRI. trying to get letter.*)

GON. (*To BRI.*) Put down your hands. (*To SIM.*) Take this letter and this purse!

BRIS. Keep the purse!

GON. And give the letter to Miss Marie!

SIM. You can depend upon me! (*Exit SIM. 2d door R.*)

BRIS. And now for our robes!

GON. To leave here?

BRIS. (*To GON.*) To pretend to, at least! (*Exit BRIS. and GON. 1st door, R.*)

BRI. (*To himself.*) I'm sorry I ever left home! (*Enter SUPERIOR, 2d door, R.*)

SUPERIOR. How is he?

BRI. Who?

SUPERIOR. The poor invalid! Has he recovered?

BRI. Yes, he is better! He and his companion will soon take leave of you!

SUPERIOR. Leave us! (*Enter BRIS. & GON., as monks from 1st door, R.*)

GON. (*To BRIS.*) Did you hear him?

BRIS. (*To GON.*) Yes; but we haven't gone yet!

SUPERIOR. Why do you leave us so soon?

BRI. They must continue their pilgrimage! (*Aside, to BRIS.*) Take care there! Your gold lace shows! (*BRIS. arranges his dress.*)

SUPERIOR. Your presence is necessary here! At least, until the Cardinal comes.

BRIS. }
BRIS. } The Cardinal!
GON. }

SUPERIOR. He comes to-morrow. You must join our council for the reception of his Eminence.

(*Enter SIMONE, 2d door, R.*)

SUPERIOR. (*To SIM.*) And who is this?

SIM. It is I, Madame—Simone, of Pichard's inn!

GON. (*Aside to SIM.*) Marie's answer!

SIM. (*To GON. softly.*) If the Superior will leave you, Marie will meet you here.

BRIS. (*To SUPERIOR.*) I have grand ideas for the reception of the Cardinal! (*Enter SISTER O., 2d door, R.*)

SISTER O. The council is assembled.

BRIS. (*To SUPERIOR.*) On his arrival, twelve volleys of artillery.

SUPERIOR. (*Starts*) Artillery?

BRIS. But I forgot—you have no cannon here!

SUPERIOR. Let us join the council. (*Exit SUPERIOR, SISTER O., BRIS., & BRI., 2d door, R.*)

GON. [*To SIM.*] Will she come here?

SIM. She has promised it. Here she is! [*Enter MAR., 2d door, R.*]

SIM. I will keep watch. (*Exit SIMONE, 2d door, R.*)

GON. You are good to come here, Marie!

MAR. How could I refuse, when you threaten to tell the Cardinal?

GON. (*Aside.*) Bridaine must answer for that!

MAR. Bridaine said my love would be fatal to you!

GON. It will be fatal, if you do not consent to leave this place with me!

SIM. (*Entering.*) Some one is coming!

GON. (*To MAR.*) Stay! This disguise will be enough to disarm suspicion.

SIM. It is Captain de Brissac. (*Enter BRIS., 2d door, R.*)

BRIS. Ah! What a council!

SIM. If you should kiss me, it would make thirty-one this week!

BRIS. I am too much occupied about the council. I left Bridaine there, fast asleep! (*Seeing GON. and MAR., hand in hand.*) Ah, I see! You have also taken advantage of Bridaine's nap!

GON. (*Taking BRIS. warmly by the hand.*) Congratulate me! Marie loves me, and will follow me!

BRIS. You astonish me!

GON. We set out at nightfall.

BRIS. An elopement? I'm there! (*Enter LOU. from door, back.*)

LOU. Who's going to elope?

MAR. Louise! We're lost!

GON. (*To LOU.*) You will not oppose us?

LOU. On one condition!

MAR. Speak!

LOU. That I go too!

BRIS. You?

LOU. It is true, I do not love, and no one loves me——

BRIS. That will come!

LOU. Sometime. I want to be free!

SIM. Then, do not marry!

LOU. Can I go?

BRIS. I will take you away! Let us go! (*GON. and MAR. and BRIS. and LOU., arm in arm, start to go.*)

SIM. (*Laughs.*) Well, if you think the guard will let you walk by him!——

MAR. True!

GON. What shall we do?

LOU. A step-ladder, of course, to the balcony, and then to the door which opens to the road. The gardener has a ladder.

SIM. I will get it. (*Exit SIM., door, L.*)

GON. We must be very-careful, or we shall be discovered!

(*Enter SIMONE. door, L., with ladder.*)

SIM. Here it is.

BRIS. Is it safe?

SIM. I don't know, but it is heavy! (*Putting the ladder against the high window at the back.*) There!

BRI. (*Outside.*) Here, your reverences!

GON. It is Bridaine's voice!

MAR. & LOU. Oh! (*Exit MAR., LOU., BRIS. & GON., 1st door, R.*)
SIM. stands in front of ladder. Enter BRI. from 2d door, R., running and rubbing his eyes.)

BRI. I was asleep! Ah, Simone!

SIM. Yes, father!

BRI. (*Sees ladder.*) Gracious heavens! This ladder! They have escaped!

SIM. (*Innocently.*) Have they?

BRI. They will be caught! (*Shouts.*) Sister Opportune!

SIM. What are you doing? They will all be lost!

BRI. True. But the ladder—is it safe?

SIM. You can try it, father.

BRI. I will take the same road. (*Gets upon ladder. As soon as he reaches the top, and sits on wall, drums are heard outside.*) A patrol! I am blocked! (*Seeing SIM. carrying off the ladder.*) Simone, the ladder!

SIM. No! You are an accomplice! (*Exit SIM. with ladder, L.*)

BRI. (*Crossing his legs on the wall.*) I'm sorry I ever left home!
(*Enter the SUPERIOR, SISTER OPPORTUNE, from 2d door, R., and all the pupils, except MAR. and LOU., from door at back.*)

Gov. (*Outside.*) Open, in the king's name!

SISTER O. What is the matter? (*She opens the door, L. Enter GOVERNOR, door L., followed by RIGO., SIM., PICH., Flower and Candy girls, Citizens, with escort, pages and trumpeters.*)

SUP. My Lord?

Gov. Where are they?

SUP. Who?

Gov. The two friars. We shall search the convent!

SUP. But what have they done?

Gov. (*Sees BRI.*) What are you doing up there?

BRI. Admiring nature!

GOV. So you are an accomplice! (*They place the ladder and he descends*) Where are the others?

BRI. I protest that I am innocent!

SUP. (*To Gov.*) But why this severity!

GOV. You will soon see! (*To BRI.*) Where are they? Speak!

BRI. You will pardon their youthful indiscretions?

GOV. Do you call it a youthful indiscretion to plot against the life of the Cardinal?

BRI. You amaze me!

SUP. A plot?

SISTER O. Against his Eminence?

GOV. Let me tell you, Sisters, that the two friars whom you have welcomed—

SUP. Were not monks?

GOV. They were conspirators!

ALL. Conspirators?

GOV. Conspirators who assumed the dress of monks in order to to more easily approach the Cardinal and thereby strike more surely.

BRI. Atrocious! The poor boys!

GOV. (*Quickly.*) You know them then?

BRI. I? Yes—no—that is to say—very slightly! (*Aside.*) I am sorry I ever left home!

GOV. (*To BRI.*) Do not leave here. (*Commandingly.*) Search the convent and the wood! Dead or alive, I will have the scoundrels!

(*Enter BRIS. and GON. from 1st door, R.*)

BRIS. You need not search!

GOV. Musketeers in the convent?

SISTER O. Musketeers! Oh, I shall faint!

GOV. Captain de Brissac? de Solanges?

SUP. Oh, Father Bridaine!

SISTER O. Oh, Father Bridaine!

BRI. (*Aside.*) I'm sorry I ever left home!

GOV. (*To BRIS. and GON.*) What are you doing here?

SUP. (*To the GOVERNOR.*) We were entirely ignorant of the presence of these gentlemen.

BRIS. That is true, sir. Our monk's dress entirely disguised us.

GON. But we have now laid aside our robes forever!

SUP. Can I believe my senses? Oh, Father Bridaine!

SISTER O. Oh, Father Bridaine!

BRI. (*Aside*.) I'm sorry I ever left home!

GOV. (*To BRI and GON.*) But this cannot be so! The conspirators——

BRI. Are at the inn, under a strong guard. We took their robes while they were asleep.

GOV. Ah! Then I shall have them yet!

BRI. (*To Gov.*) If we had not committed this folly, the Cardinal would have lost his life!

GOV. Very true! They would have been in this convent instead of you!

BRI. It was I who recommended these gentlemen to come here.

GOV. I believe you, this time, Bridaine! I shall ask his Eminence——

GON. To pardon us!

GOV. To reward you!

BRI. (*To Gov.*) That's all! There are two more—to be rewarded!

GOV. What do I hear?

(*BRI. goes to 1st door, R., and speaks to MAR & LOU. Enter MAR. and LOU.*)

BRI. This way, ladies!

GOV. My nieces!

SISTER O. In the same room with the officers!

SUP. We shall be scandalized!

MAR. (*To Gov.*) I love Monsieur de Solanger uncle!

BRI. I adore Miss Louise—uncle!

BRI. Let the four marry—uncle!

GOV. The Cardinal shall sign the ~~arrangement~~

No. 30.—FINALE.—“WITH US DARLING.”

ALL AND CHORUS.—GONTRAN.

With us, darling, you'll march away,
 Done with all our doubting and our fears!

MARIE.

Farewell, convent, old and grey,
 And welcome, comrades of the musketeers!

BRISSAC.

Preaching's not quite in my line,
 Tho' my parishioners were quite divine!
 Still, when all is said and done,
 At least, a charming bride I've won!

SIMONE.

Upon the lads in red you'd better far
 Rely in thick of battle fray;
 But for a meeting 'neath the evening star,
 It's ten to one upon the grey!

CHORUS.

Rataplan, plan, plan, plan, plan! etc.
 On red rely in thickest of the fray,
 Plan! Rataplan, plan, plan, plan, plan, etc.
 But for a meeting 'neath the evening star,
 Give a girl the grey!

CURTAIN.

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